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A SATYRE:

DEDICATED
TO HIS MOST
EXCELLENT
MAIESTIE.

BY
GEORGE VVITHIN
Gentleman.

Rebus in adversis Crescit.



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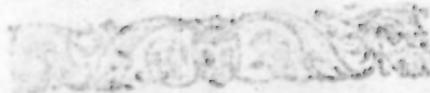
САТЯРЫ

МОСКОВСКАЯ
ТОГДА МОСТ
ЭКСПЕДИЦИЯ
САТЯРЫ

БА

George Allen
Garrison

Библиотека С. С. Соловьева



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THE SATYRE TO THE MEERE

COVRTIERS.

*Sirs, I doe know your mindes, you looke for fees,
For more respect then needes, for capes and kappes;
But be content, I haue none for you now,
Nor will I haue at all to doe with you.
For though I seeme opprest, and you suppose
I must be faine to crouch to vertues fees,
Yet know, your fauours I doe now slight more
In this distresse, then ere I did before.*

A 4

Here

A Satyre.

Here to my Ledge a message I must bring,

If you will let me passe, you shall doe well;

If you deny admittance, why then know,

I weane to haue it where you will or no.

Your formall wisedome, which hath never bee[n] ^{had}

In ought yet (sane inuenting fashions) scene,

And deemes that man was borne to no intent ^{mean} ^{mean}

But to be train'd in Apisb complemet,

Doth now (perhaps) suppose me indiscreet,

And such unuse[m]ed messages unmeet.

But what of that? Shall I goe sure my matter

Unto your wits, that haue but wits to flatter?

Shall



A Satyre.

Shall I, of your opinions so much prize
To loose my will, to haue you thinke me wise,
Who neuer yet to any liking had,
Unlesse he were a Knaue, a Foole, or mad?
You Mushromes know, so much I weigh your powres,
I neyther value you, nor what is yours.
Nay, though my crosses had me quite ouer-worne,
Spirit enough Id'c finde your spight to scorne:
Of which resolu'd, to farther my aduentur,
Unto my KING, without your leaues I enter.

TO





TO THE HONEST COVRTIERS.

*Be You, whose onely worth doth colour give
To them, that they doe worthy seeme to lime,
Kinda Gentlemen, your ayde I craine, to bring
A SATYRE to the presence of his King :
A shew of rudenesse doth my fore-head arms,
Yet you may trust me, I will doe no harme :
He that hath sent me, is a subiect true,
And one whose loue (I know) is much to you :
But now he lyes bound to an arrow scope,
Almost beyond the Cape of all good hope.*

Long

A Satyre.

Long hath he sought to free himselfe, but failes :
And therefore seeing nothing else preuailes,
Me, to acquaint my Soueraigne, here he sends,
As one despoyring of all other friends.

I doe presume that you will fauour from me,
Now that a Messenger from him you know me :
For many thousands that his face neare knew
Blame his Accusers, and his Fortune rne :
And by the helpe which your good word may doe,
He hopes for pity from his Soueraigne so.

Then in his presence with your fauours grace me,
And there's no Vice so great, shall dare out-face me.

TO



TO THE KINGS MOST EXCEL- LENT MAIESTY.

A Satyre.

Quid tu, si pereo?

VVhat once the P O E T said, I may avow,
Tis a bard thing not to write Satyres now,

Since what we speake, abuse raignes so in all,
Spight of our hearts will be *Satyricall.*

Let



A Satyre.

Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
My vnsmooth'd lines their rudenesse do not change,
Nor be distastfull to my gracious King,
Though in the *Cage*, my old harsh notes I sing,
And rudely make a *Satyre* where vnfold
What others would in neater termes have told.
And why ? my friends and meanes in *Court* are scant,
Knowledge of curious phrase, and forme I want.
I cannot bear't to runne my selfe in debt,
To hire the *Groome*, to bid the *Page* intreat
Some fauour'd *Follower* to yowchsafe his word,
To get me a cold comfort from his *Lord*:

A Satyre.

I cannot sooth, though it my life might saue,
Each *Fawrite*, nor crouch to every *Knaue*:
I cannot brooke delayes as some men do,
With scoffes, and scernes, and tak't in kindnesse to.
For ere I'd binde my selfe for some slight grace
To one that hath no more worth then his *place*,
Or by a *base* *meane* free my selfe from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double:
Cause to be forc'd to what my minde disdaines
Is worse to me then tortures, rakes and chaines:
And therefore vnto *shee* I onely flye,
To whom there needes no meane but *Honesty*:

To

A Satyre.

To *thee* that lou'st not *Parasite* nor *Minion*
Should ere I speake, possesse thee with opinion.

To *thee* that do'st what thou wilt vndertake,
For loue of *Injustice*, not the persons sake.

To *thee* that know'st how vaine all faire shewes be,
That flow not from the hearts sincerity.

And canst, though shadowed in the simplest vail,
Discerne both *Love* and *Truth*, and where they faile:

To *thee* I doe appeale, in whom Heau'n knowes,
I next to God my confidence repose.

For can it be, thy grace should ever shine,
And not enlighten such a cause as mine ?

Can

A Satyre.

Can my hopes (fixt in shee great K I N G) be dead ?
Or thou those *Satires* hate thy *Forrester* bred ?
Where shall my second hopes be founed then ;
If ever I haue heart to hope agen ?
Can I suppose a fauour may be got
In any place, when thy *Court* yeelds it not ?
Or that I may obtaine it in the land,
When I shall be deni'd it at thy hand ?
And if I might, should I so fond on't be,
To tak't of others when I mist' of ther ?
Or if I did, can I haue comfort by it,
When I shall thinke my *Souveraigne* did deny it ?

No

A Satyre.

No, were I sure, I to thy hate were borne,
The loue of halfe the world beside I'd scorne,
But why should I thy sauer here distract,
That haue a cause so knowne, and knowne so just?
Which not along my inward comfort doubles,
But all suppos'd me wrong'd that heare my troubles,
Nay, though my faults were Reall, I believe,
Thou art so Royall that thou wouldest forgive,
For well I know thy sacred Maiestie,
Hath ever beeene admis'd for Clemencie,
And at thy gentenes the world hath wondred,
For making Sunshine where thou mightst haue thun-
ber.

B

Yea

A Satyre.

Yes, thou in mercy life to them didst give
That could not be content to see *them* live.
And can I thinke that thou wilt make me, then,
The most vnhappy of all other men?
Or let thy loyall Subject, against reason,
Be punish't more for *Lone*, then some for *Treason*?
No, thou didst never yet thy glory staine,
With an iniustice to the meanest *Swaine*.
'Tis not thy will I'me wrong'd, nor dost thou know
If I haue suffered iniuries or no.
For if I haue not heard false *Ramours* flye,
Th'ast grac'd me with the stile of *Honesty*.
And

A Satyre.

And if it were so (as the world thinkes it was)
I cannot see how it shoule come to passe
That thou, from whose free tongue proceeded hongre
Which is not correspondent with thy thought.
Those thoughts to, being fram'd in Reasons meid,
Should speake that once, which should nor euer hold.

But passing, it is an ycervaltie
I humbly begge thee, by that Majestie, whom I loue
Whose sacred Glory strikcs a louing-fear
Into the hearts of all, to whom 'tis deare;
To deigne me so much fauour, without merit,
As read this plaint, of a distempred spirit.

B 2

And

A Satyre.

And thinke vnlesse, I saw some hideous storme
Too great to be endur'd by such a worme,
I had not thus presur'd vnto a King,
With ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} Fly to seekt an Eagles wing.

But know I'm hee that entred once the liff,
'Gainst all the world to play the *Sayriff* :
'Twas I, that made my measures rough and rude,
Daunce arm'd with whips amidst the multitude,
And vnappalled with my charmed *Scowles*,
Teaz'd angry Monsters in their lurking holes :
I've plaid with *Waps* and *Hornets* without feares,
Till they grew mad, and swarm'd about my ears.

A Satyre.

I'ue done it, and me thinkes 'tis such braue sport,
I may be stung, but ne're be sorry for't.
For all my griefe is that I was so sparing,
And had no more in't worth the name of daring.
He that will taxe these *Times* must be more bitter,
Tart lines of *Vinegar* and *Gall* are fitter.
My fingers and my spirits are benum'd,
My Incke runs forth too smooth, 'tis too much gum'd,
I'de haue my *Pen* so paint it, where it traces,
Each accent should draw bload into their faces,
And make them, when their *Villanies* are blazed,
Shudder and startle, as men halfe amazed,

A Satyre.

For feare my *Verse* should make so loud a din,
Heauen hearing, might raine vengeance on their sin.
Oh now for such a straine would *Art* could teach me,
Though halfe my spirits I consum'd to reach it,
I'de leare me my *Musicke* so braue a course to flye,
Men should admire the power of *Poesie*.
And those that dar'd her greatnesse to resell,
Quake, even at naming of a *Satyrift*.
But when his scourging numbers flow'd with wonder,
Should cry, *God blesse us*, as they did at thunder.
Alas ! my lines came from me too-too dully,
They did not fill a *Satyre*'s mouth vp fully.

Hot

A Satyre.

Hot bloud, and youth, enrag'd with passions store,
Taught me to reach a straine ne're touch'd before.
But it was coldly done, I thoroughly chid not :
And somewhat there is yet to doe, I did not.
More soundly could my scourge haue yerked many,
Which I omit not, 'causa I feared any.
For want of action, discontentments rage,
Bafe dis-respect of *Virtus* (in this age)
With other things vnto my selfe a wrong,
Made me so fearelesse in my carelesse song :
That had not reason within compasse wonne me,
I had told *Truth* enough to haue vndone me :

A Satyre.

(Nay, haue alreadye, if that her Divine
And vnsene power, can doe no more then mine.)
For though fore-seeing warinelle was good,
I fram'd my stile vnto a milder mood,
And clogging her high-towring wings with mire,
Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire.
Then being (as you saw) disguis'd in shee,
Clad like a Satyre, brought her forth to view:
Hoping, (her out-side being mis-esteeem'd)
Shee might haue pall'd, but for a hat shee seem'd:
Yet some, whose Commensis iumpe not with my minde
In that low phrase, a higher reach would finde.
And

A Satyre.

And out of their deepe iudgements seeme to know,
What 'tis vncertaine if I meant or no: prob. vnto me
Ayming thereby, out of some priuate hate, prob. vnto me
To worke my shame, or ouerthrow my state, prob. vnto me
For amongst many wrongs my selfe doth doe me,
And diuers imputations laid ynto me, prob. vnto me
Deceiued in his ayme, he doth mis-confesse
That which I haue enstyd a *Man-like Manser*,
To meant some priuate person in the state,
Whose worth I think to wrong out of my hate,
Upbrayding me I from my word doe flant,
Eynther for want of a good Ground or Heart.

Cause

A Satyre.

Cause from his expectation I doe vary
In the denying of his *Commentary*,
Whereas 'tis knowne I meant *Abyss* the while,
Not thinking any *one* could be so vile,
To merit all those *Epistles* of shame,
How ever many doe deserue much blame.

But say I grant that I had an intent
To haue it so (as hee interprets) meant,
And let my gracions *Lige*, suppose there were
One whom the *State* may haue cause to feare,
Or thinke there were a man (and great in *Court*)
That had more faulcs then I could well report,
Suppose

A Satyre.

Suppose I knew him, and had gone about
By some particular markes to paint him out,
That *he* best knowing his owne faults might see,
He was the *Man* I would shoule nored be :
Imagine now such doings in this *Age*,
And that *this man* so pointed at, should rage,
Call me in question, and by his much threatening,
By long imprisonment, and ill intreating,
Urge a *Confession* : we're not a mad part
For me to tell *him* what lay in my heart ?
Do not I know a great man's Power and Might,
In spight of *Innocence*, can smother Right.

Colour

A Satyre.

Colour his Villanies, to get electre,
And make the honest man the Villaine seeme?
And that the truth I told should in conclusion,
For want of Power and Friends, be my confusion?
I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true,
Yet I protest, if such a man I knew,
That might my Country prejudice, or Thee,
Were hee the greatest or the proudest Hee
That breathes this day: if so it might be found,
That any good to either might redound,
So farre I'le be (though Fate against mee runne)
From starting off from that I haue begonne,

I v

A Satyre.

I vn-appalled dare in such a case
Rip vp his soulest *Crimes* before his face,
Though for my *Labour* I were faine to drop
Into the mouth of *Ruine* without hope. (sought,

But such strange farre-sercht meanings they haue
As I was never priuie to in thought :
And that vnto particulars would tye
Which I intended vniuersally.
Wherat *some* with displeasure ouer-gone,
Thole I scarce dream'd of, law, or thought vpon,
Maugre thble cauets on my *Satyrer* brow,
Their honest and iust passage disallow.

And

A Satyre.

And on their heads so many censures take,
That spight of ~~me~~ themselves they're guilty make.
Nor is't enough to swage their discontent,
To say *I am* (or to be) *innocent*.
For as, when once the *Lyem* made decrees,
No horned beast should nigh his presence be,
That, on whose fore-head ~~only~~ did appear
A bunch of flesh, or but some tuff of bonye,
Was even as farre in danger as the rest.
If he but said, it was a *horned beast*:
So, there be now, who thinke in that their power,
Is of much force, or greater farre then our;

A Satyre.

It is enough to prove a guile in me,

Because (mistraking) they so think't to be.

Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not so high,

But they must stoole to *Thos* and *Equis*.

And this I know, though prickt, they storne agen

The world doth deeme them ne're the better men.

To stirre in fishe, makes not the stench the leſſe.

Nor doth Truth feare the frowne of Mightinesse.

Because those numbers she darke deigne to grace,

Men may suppreſſe awhile, but ne're deface.

I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,

My hameleſſe lines should breed distaste in any.

So

A Satyre.

So much, that wheresoever most *good men* approue
My labour, to be worthy thankes, and due,
I as a *Villaine*, and my *Countryes foes*,
Should be imprisoned, and so strictly too,
That not alone my liberty is bar'd; but I with her
But the rest of friends (which is more hard.)
And whilst each wanton, or loose *Rivers pen*,
With oylic words, sleekes o're the sones of men,
Vayling his wits to ebery *Puppets booke*,
Which, e're I'lle dare hit ioy to breake my necke.
(I say) while such as they, in ebery place
Can finde protection, patronage and grace,
So



A Satyre.

If any looke on mee, 'tis but a skaunce;
Or if I get a fauour, 'tis by chance,
I must protect my selfe: poore *Truth* and I
Can haue scarce one speake for our *honesty*.
Then whereas they can gold and gifts attaine,
Malitious *Hate*, and *Envie* is my gaine.
And not alone haue here my *freedome* lost,
Whereby my *best hope's* likely to be crost:
But haue beene put to more charge in one day
Then all my *Patrons* bounties yet will pay.

C

What





A Satyre.

What I haue done was not for thirst of *gaine*,
Or out of hope *preferment* to attaine.
Since to contemne them, would more profite,
Then all the *glories* in the world that be:
Yet they are helps to *Virtue* vs'd aright,
And when they wanting be, she wants her might.
For Eagles mindes ne're fit a *Ravens* feather,
To dare, and to be able, fute together.
But what is't I haue done so worthy blame,
That some so eagerly pursue my fame?

Vouch-





A Satyre.

Vouchsafe to view't with thine one eyes, and try
(Sauc want of *Art*) what fault thou canst spy.

I haue not sought to scandalize the State,

Nor some sedition, nor made publike bare:

I haue not ayms'd at any good mans famo,

Nor taixt (directly) any one by name.

I am not he that am growne discontent

With the Religion, or the Government.

I meant no Ceremonies to protest,

Nor doe I favour any new-sprung Secty;





A Satyre.

But to my Satyres gaue this onely warrant,

To apprehend and punishe Vice apparant.

Who asyming in particular at none,

In generall vpbraided every one :

That each (vnshamed of himselfe) might view

That in himselfe, which no man dares to shew.

And hath this Age bred vp neast Vice so tendelly

She cannot brooke it to be touch'd so slenderly !

Will shee not bide my gentle Satyres bites ?

Harme take her then, what makes she in their sight ?

If



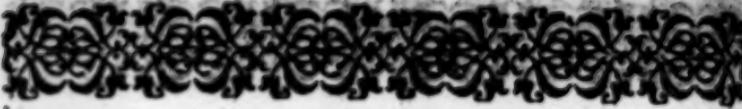
A Satyre.

If with impatience she my *Whip-cord* feele,
How had she raged at my lash of *Steele*?
But am I call'd in question for her cause,
Is't *Vice* that these afflictions on me drawes ?
And need I now thus to Apologize,
Only because I scourged *villanies*?
Must I be faine to giue a reason why,
And how I dare allow of *Honesty*?
Whilst that each flieering *Parasite* is bold
Thy Royall brew vndaunted to behold :

C 3

And





A Satyre.

And euery Temporizer strikes a string,
That's Musick for the hearing of a King.
Shall not he reach our, to obtaine as much,
Who dares more for thee then a hundred such?
Heauen grant her patience, my Musick takes't so badly,
I feare shee'll loose her wits, for she raves madly.
Yet let not my dread Soneraigne too much blame her
Whose awfull presence, now hath made her tamer.
For if there be no Fly but hath her spleene,
Nor a poore Pismire, but will wreake her scene;

How



A Satyre.

How shall I then, that haue both spleene and gall,
Being vnjustly dealt with, beare with all ?
I yet with patience take what I haue borne,
And all the worlds ensuing hate can scorne :
But twere in me as much stupiditie,
Not to haue feeling of an iniurie,
As it were weaknesse not to brouke it well.

What others therefore thinke I cannot tell,
But he that's lesse then *madde*, is more then *man*,
Who sees when he hath done the best he can



A Satyre.

To keepe within the bounds of *Innocence*:
Sought to discharge his due to *God and Prince*:
That he, whil'st *villanies* vnreproud gec,
Scoffing, to see him over-taken fu,
Should haue his *good intendmenes* misconceiu'd,
Be of his *deareſt liberty* bereau'd;
And which is worse, without reason why,
Be frown'd on by *Authoritie* grim eye.
By that great *power* my soule so much doth feare,
She scornes the *scarn'ſt frownes* of a mortall *Peer*.

But



A Satyre.

But that I *Vertue* loue, for her owne sake,
It were enough to make me vndertake
To speake as much in praise of *Vice* agen,
And practise some to plague these *shames of men*.
I meane those my *Accusers*, who mistaking
My true conceits, frame some of their owne making.

But if I list, I neede not buy so deere,
The iust *revenge* I could bring on them here.
I could frame *measures* in this my iust fury,
Should sooner finde them guilty then a *Jury*:

Whose

A Satyre.

Whose words, like swords (temper'd with *Art*) should
And hang, and draw, & quarter them in verse. (pierce

Or I could rack them on the wings of *Fame*,
(*And hee's halfe hang'd* (they say) *hath* an ill *name*.)

Yea, I'de goe neere to make these spightfull Elues,
Lycambes-like, be glad to hang themselves.

And though this *Age* will not abide to heare
Those faults reprovd, whom *Custome* hath made
Yet if I pleased, I could write their *crimes*, (deare.
And stoe them vp in walles for after-times :

For



A Satyre.

For they'le be glad (perhaps) that shall ensue,
To see some story of their Fathers true.
Or should I smother'd be in darknesse still,
I might not vsē the freedome of a quill:
Twould raise vp brauer sp̄its then mine owne,
To make my cause, and this their guilt more knowne.
Who by that subiect should get Loue and Fame,
Vnto my foes disgrace and endlesse shame:
Those I do mean, whose *Comments* haue mis-vs'd me,
And to those Peeres I honour, haue accus'd me:

Making





A Satyre.

Making against my *Innocence* their batteries,
And wronging *them* by their base flatteries :
But of reuenge I am not yet so faine,
To put my selfe vnto that needlesse paine :
Because I know a greater *power* there is,
That noteth smaller iniuries then this ;
And being stiill as iust as it is strong,
Apportions due reuenge for every wrong.

But why (some say) should his too saucy Rimes,
Thus taxe the wise and great ones of our times ?

It





A Satyre.

It sutes not with his yecres to be so bould,
Nor fits it vs by him to be contrould.
I must confess ('tis very true indeede)
Such shoulde not of controulling stand in need.
But blame me not, I saw good *Vertue* poore,
Desert, amongst the most, thrust out of doore,
Honesty hated, *Courtesie* banished,
Rich men exceilue, *Poore men* famished:
Coldnesse in *Zeale*, in *Lawes* partialitie;
Friendship but *Complements*, and vainc *Formalitie*.

Art





A Satyre.

Art I perceiue contemn'd, while most aduance
(To Offices of worth) Rich Ignorance.
And those that should our *Lights* and *Teachers* be,
Lieue (if not worse) as wantonly as we.
Yes, I saw *Nature* from her course runne backe,
Disorders grow, Good orders goe to wracke.
So to encrease what all the rest beganne,
I to this current of confusion ranne:
And seeing Age left off the place of guiding,
Thus plaid the savy wagge, and fell to chiding.

Wherein





A Satyre.

Wher in, how euer some (perhaps) may deeme,
I am not so much faulty as I seeme :
For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Susamines* honour,
And none withstood the shame they laid vpon her;
A *Childe* rose vp to stand in her defence,
And spight of wrong confirm'd her innocencie :
To shew these must not, that good undertake,
Straine curfie, who shall doe's, for maners sake.
Nor doe I know, whether to me God gaue
A boldnesse more then many others haue,

That





A Satyre.

That I might shew the world what shamefull blot
Vertue by her lasciuious *Elders* got.
Nor is't a wonder, as some doe suppose,
My *Youth* so much corruption can disclose;
Since every day the Sunne doth ligh't mine eyes,
I haue experiance of new villanies;
But it is rather to be wondred how
I either can, or dare, be honest now.
And though against there be some others rage,
That I should dare (so much above mine age)

Thus





A Satyre.

Thus censure each degree, both young and old;
I see not wherein I am over-bold.
For if I haue beene plaine with Vice I care not,
There's nought that I know good, & can, & dare not.
Onely this onething doth my minde deere,
Euen a feare (through ignorance) to erre,

But oh! knew I, what thou wouldest well approve,
Or might the smal'ſt respect within thine moue;
So in the sight of God it might be good,
And with the quiet of my conscience good;





A Satyre.

(As well I know thy true integritie,
Would command nothing against Pistic,) T
There's nought so dangerous, or full of feare,
That for my *Soueraignes* sake I would not dare. L
Which good beliefe would it did not possesse chee,
Prouided some lust tryall might reblesse me. F
Yea, though a while I did endure the gall A
Of thy displeasure, in this loathsome thrall. C
For notwithstanding in this *place* I lye I
By the command of that *Authority*, B



of



A Satyre.

Of which I have so much respectiue care,
That in my ~~owne~~ (and iust) defence I scare
To vse the free speech that I doe intend,
Leaſt Ignorance, or Rufeſſe ſhould offend.
Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
From wilfull wronging of thy Lawes and Thee,
As he to whom thy Place and Person's deareſt,
Or to himſelfe that findes his conſcience cleareſt.
If there be wrong, 'tis not my making it,
All the offence is ſome's miſtaking it.

D 2

And





A Satyre.

And is there any Inſtice borne of late,
Makes thofe faults mine, which others perpetratre ?
What man could ever any Age yet finde
That ſpent his Spirits in this thankleſſe kinde
Shewing his meaning, to ſuch words could rye it,
That none ſhould eyther wrong, or miſ-apply it.

Nay, your owne *Lovers*, which (as you doe intenſe)
In plainſt and moſt effectuall words are penn'd,
Cannot be fram'd ſo well to your intent,
But ſome there be will erre from what you meant.

And





A Satyre.

And yet (alas) I must be ty'de vnto
What neuer any man before could doe?
Must all I speake, or write, so well be done,
That none may picke more meanings then
Then all the world (I hope) will leaue disuision,
And euery man become of one opinion.
But if some may, what care so e're we take,
Divers constructions of our writings make
The charitable Reader should conceaue
The best intention's mine, and others leaue:

D 3

Chiefly





A Satyre.

Chicly in *that*, where I fore-hand protest,
My meaning ever was the honestest,
And if I say so, what is he may know
So much as to affirme it was not so ?
Sic other men so neere my thought to shew it,
Or is my *heart* so open that all know it ?
Sure if it were, they would no such things see,
As thos^e whereof some haue accused me.
But I care less how it be vnderstood,
Because the Heavens know my intent was good.



And



A Satyre.

And if it be so, that my too-free *Rimes*
Doe much displease the world, and these bad times;
Tis not my fault, for had I beene imploy'd
In something else, all this had now beene voyd.
Or if the world would but haue granted me
Wealth, or Affayres, whereon to busie me,
I now vnheard of, peraduenture than,
Had beene as moute as some rich *Clarysse-men*.
But they are much deceiu'd that thinke my minde
Will c're be still, while it can doing finde,



A Satyre.

Or that vnto the world so much it leanes,
As to be curstold for default of meane,
No, though most be, all Spiriſt are not earth,
Nor suiting with the fortunes of their birth,
My body's ſubject vnto many Powers,
But my ſoule's free, as is the Emperour:
And though to curbe her in, I ofte assay,
She'll breake int' action ſpight of durt and clay.
And is't not better then to take this course,
Then fall to study miſchieſe, and doe worse?

I say

A Satyre.

I say she must have action, and she shall:

For if she will, how can I doe withall?

And let those that o'er busie thinke me, know,

He made me, that knew why he made me so.

And though there's some that say, my thoughts doe
A pitch beyond my states sufficiency;

(flye)

My humble minde, I give my Saviour thanke,

Aspires nought yet, above my fortunes ranke.

But say it did, wil't not befit a man,

To raise his thoughts as neare Heaven as he can?

Must



A Satyre.

Must the *free spirit* ty'de and curbed be,
According to the bodies pouerty ?
Or can it ever be so subiect to
Base Change, to rise and fall as fortunes doe ?

Men born to noble meaneſ and vulgar mindeſ
Enjoy their wealth, and there's no Law that bindes
Such to abate their ſubſtance, though their Pateſ
Want *Braines*, and they *Worth*, to poſteſſe their ſtateſ.
So God to ſome, doth onely *great mindeſ glue*,
And little other meaneſ whereon to live.

What





A Satyre.

What law, or conscience, then shall make thē smother
Their *Spirit*, which is their life, more then th' other
T' abate their substance? since if 'twere confess,
That a brave minde could ever be supprest,
Were't reason any should himselfe deprive
Of what the whole world hath not power to give?
Since wealth is common, and fooles get it to,
When to give spirit 's more then *Kings* can doe.

I speake not this, because I thinke there be,
More then the ordinary gifts in me;

But





A Satyre.

But against those, who thinke I doe presume
On more then doth besit me to assume,
Or would haue all, whom Fortune barres from flere,
Make them selues wretched, as she makes them poore.
And 'cause in outward things she is vnkinde,
Smother the marchlesse blessings of their minde:
Whereas (although her fauours doe forsake them)
Their *winds* are richer then the world can make them.
Why should a good attempt disgrased seeme,
Because the person is of meane esteeme?

Vertue's





A Satyre.

Vertue's a chaste Queene, and yet doth not scorne
To be embrac'd by him that's meaneſt borne.

She is the prop, that Maiesties ſupport,
Yet one whom ſlaves as well as Kings may count.

She loueth all that beare affection to her,
And yeelds to any that hath heart to wooe her.

So Vice, how high ſo e're ſhe be in place,
Is that which Groomes may ſpit at, in diſgrace.

She is a flumper, and may be abhorr'd,
Yea, ſpurn'd at, in the boſome of a Lord.

Y^e





A Satyre.

Yet had I spoke her fayre, I had beeene free,
As many others of her Louers be.
If her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
I might haue beeene a *villaine*, and done well.
Gotten some speciall fauour, and not late
As now I doe, shut vp within a *grave*.
Or if I could haue hap't on some loose straine,
That might haue pleas'd the wanton Readers vainc:
Or but claw'd *Pride*, I now had beeene vnblam'd:
(Or else at least there's some would not haue shans'd



To



A Satyre.

To plead my cause ;) but see my fatal curse,
Sure I was eyther mad, or somewhat worse :
For I saw *Wyses* followers brauely kept,
In *Silkes* they walk't, on beds of *Downe* they slept,
Richly they fed, on dainties cuermore,
They had their pleasure, they had all things store,
(Whil'st *Vertue* begg'd) yea, fauours had so many,
I knew they brook't not to be touch'd of any :
Yet could not I, like other men, be wisc,
Nor learne for all this, how to temporize;

But





A Satyre.

But must (with too much honestie made blinde)
Vpbraid this loued darling of mankindes,
Whereas I might haue better thriu'd by fayning,
Or if I could not choose but be complayning,
More safe I might haue rail'd on *Vertue* fute,
Because her louers and her friends are fewer,
I might haue brought some other thing to passe,
Made *Fidlers Songes*, or *Ballots*, like an *Ale*,
Or any thing almost indeede but this,
Yet since 'tis thus, I'me glad 'tis so amisse,

Becauſe





A Satyre

Because if I am guilty of a crime,
'Tis that, wherein the best of every time,
Hath beene found faulty (if they faulty be)
That doe reproue ~~Abuse~~ and Villanie.

For what I me taxt, I can examples show,
In such old *Authors* as this state allow.
And I would faine once learne a reason why
They can haue kinder vsage here then I.
I muse men doe not now in question call,
Seneca, Horace, Persius, Iuvenall.

E

And





A Satyre.

And such as they; Or why did not that Age
In which they liued, put them in a *Cage*?
If I should say that men were iuster then,
I should nere hand be made vnsay't agen.
And therefore sure I thinke I were as good
Leaue it to others to be vnderstood;
Yet I as well may speake as deeme amisse,
For such this *Age*'s curious cunning is
I scarcely dare to let my heart thinke ought,
For there be those will seeme to know my thought;

Who





A Satyre.

Who may out-face me that I thinke awry,
When there's no witness but my *Conscience* by;
And then I likely am as ill to speede,
As if I spake or did amisse indeede.

Yet least those who (perhaps) may malice this
Interpret also these few lines amisse;
Let them that after *Thee* shall read or heare,
From a rash censure of my thoughts forbear.
Let them not mold the sence that this containes
According to the forming of their braines,

E 2

Or





A Satyre.

Or thinke I dare, or can, here taxe those Peeres,
Whose *worhts* their *Honours* to my soule endcares,
(Those by whose loued-fear'd *Authority*)
I am restrained of my liberty :
For least there yet may be a man so ill,
To haunt my lines with his blacke *Comment* still,
(In hope my lucke againe may be so good,
To haue my words once rightly vnderstood)
This I protest, that *I doe not condemne*
Ought as vniust that hath beeene done by them,

For





A Satyre.

For though my honest heart not guilty bc,
Of the least thought that may disparage me,
Yet when *such men as I*, shall haue *such foes*
Accuse me of *such crimes*, to *such as those*,
Till I had meanes my *Innocence* to shew,
Their *Justice* could haue done no lesse then so.

Nor haue I such a proud-conceited wit,
Or selfe-opinion of my knowledge yet,
To thinke it may not be that I haue runne
Vpon some *Errors* in what I haue done,





A Satyre.

Worthy this punishment which I endure,
(I say, I cannot so my selfe assurē)
For 'tis no wonder if their *Wisedomes* can,
Discouer *Imperfections* in a man
So weake as I, more then himselfe doth see,
Since my *sight*, dull with *insufficiencie*,
In men more graue, and wiser farre then I,
Innumerable *Errors* doth espie,
Which they with all their knowledge I'le be bold,
Cannot, or will not, in themselues behold)

But





A Satyre.

But ere I will *my selfe accuse my Song,*
Or keepe a *Tongue* shall doe my *Heart* that wrong
To say I willingly in what I pend
Did ought which might a *Goodmans* sight offend,
Or with my knowledge did insert oneword,
That might disparage a true *Honour'd Lord,*
Let it be in my mouth a helpleffe fore,
And never speake to be beleeneed more.

But *man* irresolute is, vnconstant, weake,
And doth his purpose oft through frailty breake:





A Satyre.

Leaſt therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this minde, and theſe words vnsay
Here to the world I doe proclame before,
If e're my resolution be ſo poore,
'Tis not the *Right*, but *Might*, that makes me doe it,
Yes, nougħt but fearefull baseneſſe brings me to it,
Which if I ſtill hate, as I now deteſt,
Neuer can come to harbour in my breſt.

Thus my fault then (if they a fault imply)
Is not alone an ill vnvillingly,

But





A Satyre.

But also, might I know it, I intend,
Not onely to acknowledge, but amend :
Hoping that *thou* wilt not be so seuere,
To punish me aboue all other here.
But for m' intents sake, and my loue to *Truth*,
Impute my *Errors* to the heate of *Youth*,
Or rather *Ignorance*, then to my *Will*,
Which sure I am was *good*, what e're be *ill*,
And like to him now, in whose place thou art,
What e're the residue be, accept the *heart*.

But





A Satyre.

But I grow tedious, and my loue abus'd,
Disturbs my thoughts, and makes my lines confus'd:
Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye
On this my rude vnskill'd *Apologie.*

Let not the bluntnesse of my phrase offend,
Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis pend,
By these abrupt lines in my iust defence,
Judge what I might say for my innocence.

*And thinke I more could speake, that here I spare,
Because my power suites not to what I dare.*

My





A Satyre.

My vnaffecteſſe retaynes (you ſee)
Her old Frize Cloake of young Ruyſticitie.
If others will vſe neater tearmes, they may,
Ruder I am, yet loue as well as they.
And (though if I would ſmooth't I cannot doo't)
My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot:
While here my Muſc her diſcontent doth ſing
To thee her great Apollo, and my King:
Emploring thee by that high ſacred Name,
By Iuſtice, by thoſe Powers that I could name:

By





A Satyre.

By whatsoe're may moue, entreat I thee,
To be what thou art unto all, to me.

I feare it not, yet giue me leaue to pray,
I may haue foes whose power doth beare such sway,
If they but say I me guilty of offence,

'Twere vaine for me to pleade my innocence.

But as the name of God thou bear'st, I trust
Thou imitat'st him to, in being iust :
That when the right of *truth* thou com'st to scan,
Thou'l not respect the person of the man :

For





A Satyre.

For if thou doe, then is my *hope vndone*,

The head-long way to *ruine* I must runne.

For whilst that they haue all the *helpes* which may

Procure their pleasure with my *soone decay* :

How is it like that I my peace can winne me,

When all the ayde I haue, comes from within me ?

Therefore (*good King*) that mak'ſt thy *bounty* *shine*

Sometime on those whose *worths* are *small* as *mine*;

Oh ſave me now from Enuies dangerous ſhelfe,

Or make me able, and I'le ſave my ſelfe.

Let





A Satyre.

Let not the want of that make me a scorne,
To which there are more fooles then wise-men borne:
Let me not for my meaneesse be despis'd,
Nor others greatnesse make their words more priz'd;
For whatso'e're my outward Fate appeares,
My Soule's as good, my Heart as great as theirs.
My loue vnto my Country and to Thee,
As much as his that more would seeme to be.
And would this Age allow but meanes to shew it,
Those that misdoubt it, should ere long time know it.

Pitty





A Satyre.

*Pitty my youth then, and let me not lye
Wasting my time in fruitleſſe misery.*

*Though I am meane, I may be borne vnto
That ſeruice which another cannot do.*

*In vaine the little Mouse the Lyon þar'd not,
She did him pleasure when a greater dar'd not.*

*If ought that I haue done, doe thee diſplease
Thy miſconceiued wrath I will appeafe,
Or ſacrifice my heart; but why ſhould I
Suffer for God knowes whom, I know not why?*

If





A Satyre.

If that my words through *some* mistake offend,
Let them conceiue them right, and make amende.
Or were I guilty of offence indeede,
One fault (they say) *deth but one pardon neede.*
Yet one I had, and now I want one more:
For once I stood accus'd for this before.
As I remember I so long agone,
Sung *Thame*, and *Rbynes Epithalamion.*
When *S H E* that from thy Royall selfe derives,
Those gracious vertues that best *Tule* gives.



She



A Satyre.

She that makes Rhine proud of her excellency,
And me oft minde her here with reuerence,
Daign'd in her *great good-nature* to encline
Her gentle care to such a caule as mine;
And which is more, vouchsaft her word, to cleare
Me from all dangers (if there any were)
So that I doe not now intreat, or sue
For any great boone, or request that's newe:
But onely this, (though absent from the Land)
Her former fauour still in force might stand:

F

And



A Satyre.

And that her word (who present was so deere)
Might be as powerfull, as when she was heere.
Which if I finde, and with thy fauour may
Hauie leaue to shake my loathed bands away,
(As I doe hope I shall) and be set free
From all the troubles this hath brought on me,
I'le make her *Name* giue life vnto a *Song*,
Whose neuer-dying note shall last as long
As there is either *River*, *Grone*, or *Spring*,
Or *Downe*, for *Sheepe*, or *Shepheards Lad* to sing.

Yea,



A Satyre.

Yea, I will teach my *Muse* to touch a straine,
That was nere reach't to yet by any *Swaine*.
For though that many deeme my yeares vnrripe,
Yet I haue learn'd to tune an Oaten pipe,
Wherpon I'le try what musickē I can make me,
(Vntill *Bellona* with her Trumpe awake me.)
And since the world will not haue *Vise* thus showne,
By blazinc *Vertue* I will make it knowne.
Then if the *Court* will not my lines approue,
I'le goe vnto some *Mountaine*, or thicke *Grouse*:

F 2

There

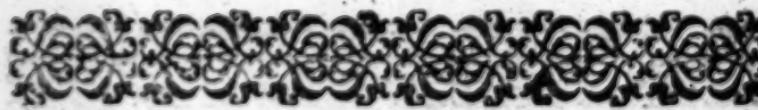


A Satyre.

There to my fellow *Shepheards* will I sing,
Tuning my *Reede* vnto some dancing *Spring*,
In such a note, that none should dare to trouble it,
Till the *Hills* answere, and the *Woods* redouble it.

• And peraduenture I may then goe neare
To speake of something thou'l be pleas'd to heare:
And that which *those* who now my tunes abhorre,
Shall reade, and like, and daigne to loue me for:
But the meane while, oh passe not this suire by,
Let thy *free hand* signe me my *liberty*:

And





A Satyre.

And if my loue may moue thee more to do,

Good King consider this my trouble to.

Others haue found thy fauour in distresse,

Whose loue to thee and thine I thinke was lesse.

And I might fitter for thy service liue

On what would not be much for thee to glie.

And yet I aske it not for that I feare

The outward meanes of life should faile me here:

For though I want to compasse those good ends

I ay me at for my *Country* and my *Friends*,



A Satyre.

In this poore state I can as well content mee,
As if that I had *Wealthe* and *Honours* lant mee;
Nor for my *owne sake* doe I seeke to shunne
This *thraldome*, wherein now I seeme vndone :
For though I prize my *Freedome* more then *Gold*,
And vse the meanes to free my selfe from hold,
Yet with a minde (I hope) vnchang'd and free,
Here can I live, and play with misery :
Tea, in despight of want and slauery,
Laugh at the world in all her brauery.

Here





A Satyre.

Here haue I learn'd to make my greatest Wrongs
Master of Mirth, and subiects but for Songs.

Here can I smile to see my selfe neglected,
And how the meane mans fute is dysrespected,
Whil'st those that are more rich, and better friended,
Can haue twice greater faults thrice sooner ended.

All this, yea more, I see and suffer to,
Yet live content, midst discontents I do,
Which whil'st I can, it is all one to me,
Whether in Prison or abroad it be :



A Satyre.

For should I still lye here distrest and poore,
It shall not make me brethe a sigh the more;
Since to my selfe it is indifferent
Where the small remnant of my dayes be spent,
But for Thy sake, my Countryes, and my Friends,
For whom, more then my selfe, God this life lends,
I would not, could I helpe it, be a scorne,
But lye (if I might) free, as I was borne :
Or rather for good Bell-arete's sake,
Fayre Vertue, of whom most account I make,



If



A Satyre.

If I can chuse, I will not be debas'd,
In this last action, least She be disgrac'd:
For 'twas the loue of her that brought me to
What *Spleene* nor *Envy* could not make me do,
And if her seruants be no more regarded,
If enemies of *Vice* be thus rewarded,
And I should also *Vertues* wrongs conceale,
As if none liu'd to whom She dar'd appeale:
Will they that doe not yet her *merit* approue,
Be euer drawne to entertaine her *lone*,

When





A Satyre

When they shall see him plagu'd as an *Offender*,
Who for the loue he beares her, doth commend her
This may to others more offensiuе be,
Then prejudicall any way to me:
For who will his endeuours euer bend
To follow her, whom there is none will friend?
Some I ~~doe~~ hope there be that nothing may
From loue of *Truth* and *Honesty* dismay.
But who will euer seeing my hard *Fortune*,
The remedy of *Times Abusē* importune?

Who





A Satyre.

Who will againe when they haue smother'd me,
Dare to oppole the face of Villany?
Whereas he shall not onely vndertake
A Combate with a second Lernean Snake,
Whose ever-growing heads when as he crops,
Not onely two springs, for each one he lops,
But also hee shall see in midst of dangers,
Those he thought friends turn foes, or at least strangers.
More I could speake, but sure if this doe saile me,
Ineuer shall doe ought that will sauile me,

Nor





A Satyre.

Nor care to speake againe, vnlesse it be
To him that knowes how heart and words agree,
No, nor to liue when none dares vndertake
To speake one word for honest Vertues sake.
But let his will be done, that best knowes what
Will be my future good, and what will not.
Hap well or ill, my spotlesse meaning's fayre,
And for thee, this shall euer be my prayer,
That thou maist here enjoy a long-blest Raigne,
And dying, be in Heauen re-crown'd againe.



A Satyre.

So now, if thou hast daign'd my *Lines* to heare,
There's nothing can befall me that I feare:
For if thou hast compassion on my trouble,
The *Joy* I shall receiue will be made double;
And if I fall, it may some *Glory* be,
That none but I O V E himselfe did ruine me.

Y our MAIESTIES
most loyall Subject
and yet Prisoner
in the Marshalsey.

G E O. W Y T H E R.



